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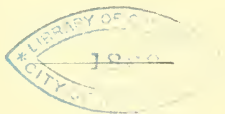
POEMS.

BY

RICHARD COE.

“Unto man, in peace and strife,
True and false, and weak and strong,
Unto *all*, in death and life,
Speaks the poet in his song.”

B. W. Proctor.



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CONTENTS.

BIBLE PICTURES.

	PAGE.
Ruth.....	13
The Nativity.....	16
The Crucifixion.....	19
The Intercession.....	23
Paul.....	26
“Be not afraid, ’tis I?”.....	29
Faith, Hope and Charity.....	31
The Three Marys.....	34
“Jesus Wept.”.....	36
The Prodigal Son.....	39
My Friend.....	43
The Omnipresence of God.....	45
Gloria Tibi.....	47
Beauty.....	48
The One Hope.....	51
Little Emma’s Death.....	53
Thanksgiving.....	56
Prayer.....	5

*

VOICES OF HOME.

	PAGE.
The Casket and the Jewels.....	63
My Father.....	64
My Mother.....	66
My Wife.....	68
Our Little Boy.....	70
Our Little Girl.....	72
The Old Farm Gate.....	74
Love thy Mother, Little One.....	76
The Truest Friends.....	78
Am I Happy?.....	80
The Angel of our Home.....	81
Good Night.....	83
The Vacant Chair.....	85
Childhood.....	87
The Children of the Poor Man.....	89
Baby's Dead.....	91
Here and There.....	93

LYRICS OF LOVE.

The Dawn of Love.....	97
Do I love thee?.....	98
Castle Building.....	100
The Poet's Choice.....	103
The One that I Love.....	107
O ! Let thy features once again.....	109
Constancy.....	111

	PAGE.
Marie Clair.....	113
Sir Richard and the Sisters.....	116
The Eternity of a Poet's Love.....	120
The Country Lassie and her Mother.....	122

SONGS FOR THE TIMES.

Never Despair.....	127
A Plea for Freedom.....	129
Men of the West.....	131
Reading the List.....	134
The Coming Triumph.....	136
Victory.....	138

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Withered Leaf.....	143
Smiles and Tears.....	147
The Rain-Drop.....	150
Emblems.....	152
Philadelphia.....	154
Truth.....	157
The White Daisy.....	159
I Want to go Home.....	161
Little by Little.....	162
Life's Seasons.....	164
Winter is Coming.....	166
Fortune-Telling.....	168
The Stormy Petrel.....	170

	PAGE.
The Secret.....	172
We are Dreamers All.....	173
Be Happy.....	175
The Health.....	178
The Child's Inquiry.....	180
Washington Square.....	182
The Sewing-Girl.....	186
Sunlight and Shadow.....	188
The Village Beau.....	190
Why is it that the saddest Strains?.....	192
The Evening Walk.....	194
“And Died, and was Forgot.”.....	196
Insurance.....	197
Life.....	198
At Rest.....	199

Dedication

TO

CHARLES W. F. CALVERT.

To you, whose partial eye doth greet
Each verse of mine with meed of praise,
I come, with childlike love and sweet,
To dedicate these simple lays.

I know the world doth aye disdain
The poet's song, and scorn his art,
But you are free from Mammon's chain,
And sympathize, with poet heart,

In every high and holy thought,
In every brave and generous word,
From heaven's own inspiration caught,
By others, oft, unseen, unheard.

BIBLE PICTURES.

BIBLE PICTURES.

RUTH.

I.

In the Bible we are told
Story sweet of simple truth,
Heroine of which of old
Was the gentle Ruth ;

II.

How to Bethlehem she came
With Naomi homeward bound ;
How towards the stricken dame
She was ever found

III.

Kind, affectionate and mild,
E'er attentive to her good ;
Seeking like a duteous child
To provide her food.

IV.

“ O ! entreat me not to go,
 Mother mine,” sweet Ruth did say ;
“ Where thou wanderest to and fro,
 Thither be my way !

V.

“ And the people of thy choice
 Shall be doubly dear to me,
If they lend a kindly voice,
 Mother, unto thee ;

VI.

“ And the God thou dost adore
 Shall be unto me a God ;
We will worship as of yore,
 Kneeling on the sod !

VII.

“ Where thou diest I will die,
 On the land or on the wave ;
Where thou liest I will lie,
 In one common grave.”

VIII.

How in Bethlehem's barley fields
 She did glean from day to day ;
How the refuse matter yields
 Much to store away ;

IX.

How she lay at Boaz's feet,
Waiting for the coming morn,
Full of modesty, discreet,
Fearing not his scorn ;

X.

How he took her to his heart,
Loved and cherished her through life ;
Made her of himself a part—
Fond and faithful wife ;

XI.

How Naomi wept to hear
That the gentle Ruth had found.
In her wealthy kinsman dear.
Favor to abound ;

XII.

This the story we are told,
Story sweet of simple truth,
Heroine of which of old
Was the gentle Ruth.

THE NATIVITY.

I.

IN a city, Bethlehem named,
Ere the rosy break of day ;
In a manger, newly swathed,
Jesus lay.

II.

Lay, as in a gentle slumber,
While his mother, sweetly-mild,
Kissed the dimpled cheek and forehead
Of her child.

III.

Looking upward, brightly shining,
In its dwelling-place afar,
She beheld a glorious vision
In a star—

IV.

New-created, newly-risen,
Shining on her from above,
Seemed its mission to that mother
One of love.

V.

“Father, thou who me hast chosen
For the mother of Thy Son ;
Gazing on me from yon planet,
Radiant zone—

VI.

“Help me, O, my blessed Father,
So to guide him in his youth,
That his manhood be a lesson
For the truth !”

VII.

From her deep and rapt devotion,
She awoke to hear a strain.
As an angel-chorus sounded
Through her brain.

VIII.

“To God be glory in the highest,”
Thus the angel-strain began,
“Peace on earth, and good-will ever
Unto man !”

IX.

Star of Bethlehem ! brightly shining
In thy dwelling-place above,
Fill me with the blest effulgence
Of thy love.

X.

Lead me, by thy gentle guidance,
Unto heaven's resplendent door ;
Open wide the gates eternal
Evermore.

XI.

There may I thro' countless ages
Bless the Savior of my race ;
Giving unto Thee the glory,
As the grace.

XII.

Thence may I, divinely-missioned,
Speed on angel-wings to earth,
Pointing fallen man, exulting,
To the Birth—

XIII.

Of the lowly-one of Bethlehem,
Of the blessed Savior-child,
Born unto the Virgin Mary,
Meek and mild.

XIV.

Born to light up souls in darkness
With a calm, benignant ray,
Shining ever brighter, unto
Perfect day !

THE CRUCIFIXION.

I.

UPON the cross of Calvary,
With a thief on either side,
'Neath his Father's pitying eye,
Jesus died!

II.

Died, uplooking into Heaven,
Far beyond our mortal view,
"Father, be their sins forgiven,
What they do—

III.

"These my cruel slayers, know not,
Yet I die that they may live;
Unto them thine anger show not,
But forgive.

IV.

"It is finished, and the merit
Of my work shall e'er be thine;
Father, God, to thee my spirit
I resign."

V.

Then dissolved within the essence
Of the mighty One in Three,
Stood he in the Living Presence,
Deity !

VI.

Trembled all the face of Nature
With a deep, convulsive awe,
Such as living, human creature
Never saw.

VII.

Waked the dead from out their slumber,
Walked the earth each living ghost,
Who their paly forms may number ?
Countless host.

VIII.

Came they to behold the vail rent
In the temple of the land ?
Came they to behold the nail-dent
In his hand ?

IX.

Came they to behold his mother,
Sorrow-stricken at her loss ?
Came they to behold their brother
On the cross ?

X.

No! they came, by God directed,
From their calm and pulseless sleep,
That the sons of men, subjected,
E'en might weep—

XI.

Weep such tears of deep contrition
As to almost stop the breath,
At their Savior's sad rendition
Unto death!

XII.

Jesus, of mankind the lover,
Press me close unto thy side,
Till thy blessed meekness cover
All my pride.

XIII.

May thy sweet, forgiving spirit
Cheer me in the path of right,
'Till with thee I shall inherit
Full delight—

XIV.

Full delight with thee in heaven,
'Neath thy kind, approving smile,
Singing, "Thanks to God, forgiven,"
All the while.

XV.

“Thanks to God, the Father glorious ;
Thanks to Thee his only Son,
To the Spirit, each victorious,
Three in One !”

THE INTERCESSION.

I.

UP in the radiant sky,
Far from all human eye,
Upon the throne on high,
 Jesus now stands,
Still pleading night and day ;
“Father! forgive, I pray,
Man’s sins are washed away ;
 See my torn hands !

II.

“Did I not sigh for him ?
Did I not cry for him ?
Did I not die for him ?
 Father, forgive !
When on the cross I lay,
Man’s sins were washed away ;
Still unto thee I pray :
 Father, forgive !

III.

“ Earth is an evil place ;
Man’s is a feeble race ;
Aye lost without Thy grace :
 Father, forgive !
Speak to his troubled soul ;
Make his seared conscience whole ;
O ! may he reach the goal :
 Father, forgive !

IV.

“ Why take I heed of him ?
Am I not seed of him ?
Did I not bleed of him ?
 Father, forgive !
Closed I mine eyes amain ;
Sought I these skies again ;
Here let my sighs attain :
 Father, forgive !”

V.

O ! ’twas a cruel deed,
Thus, thus, to make Him bleed ;
Who of us took such heed :
 Father, forgive !

Angels yet fluttering there ;
Gathering and cluttering there ;
Still hear Him uttering there :

“ Father, forgive !”

VI.

Oft doth the blessed One
Stoop from His holy throne,
Heeding the suppliant tone

“ Father, forgive !”

Calls man to Him on high,
Up in the radiant sky,
Far from all human eye.

Ever to live.

VII.

Then do the angels sing ;
“ Glory to God our King !

He, He, alone can bring

Man up on high ;

Thanks to the blessed One !

Thanks to His only Son !”

Echoes the glorious tone

Far through the sky !

PAUL.

I.

OF the many names of Scripture—
Save of Him high over all—
That we read of in its pages,
Most I like heroic Paul!

II.

Like him for his noble bearing
In the presence-place of kings;
Like him for his bowing unto
Lesser things.

III.

Like him for the strong desire
That he felt for others' good,
By himself as by none other
Understood.

IV.

Like him for the great epistles,
That he wrote when far away,
'To the varied nations 'round him,
In his day.

V.

Like him for the faith triumphant,
Ever beaming from his eyes,
Pointing men to hopes of glory
In the skies.

VI.

Like him for his large experience ;
Like him for his love of truth ;
Ay, and for the fervent error
Of his youth !

VII.

Like him for the bold expression
That he gave the earnest thought,
For his person's safety, meanwhile,
Caring naught.

VIII.

Like him for the sore afflictions
That he bore for Jesus' name ;
Stripes and tumults, watchings, fastings—
All the same.

IX.

Like him that he gloried ever,
Not in earthly gain or loss,
But in nothing whatsoever
Save the cross.

X.

Like him that he built a temple,
For the high and holy One,
Having for its chief foundation
Mary's son !

XI.

Therefore, of the names of Scripture—
Save of Him high over all—
That we read of in its pages,
Most I like heroic Paul.

“BE NOT AFRAID! ’TIS I.”

I.

’Twas eve—the followers of Christ
 Were toiling at the oar,
 Against the wind and waves, to reach
 Bethsaida’s peaceful shore ;
 And yet the utmost of their might
 All useless seemed to be,
 When lo ! behold the wondrous sight,
 The Savior treads the sea !

II.

With sudden and with mighty fear
 Their bosoms are possessed,
 As nerveless now each powerful arm
 Upon its oar, doth rest ;
 ’Twas then the Savior spake in love,
 He could not pass them by,
 His voice the winds rose calm above,
 “Fear not,” he said, “’tis I !”

III.

Dear Savior, when the storms of life
Shall round about *me* roar,
And threaten, in their fearful strife,
To whelm *my* frail bark o'er ;
O ! in that trying hour be near,
To catch my faintest sigh,
And whisper in my waiting ear,
“ Be not afraid, 'tis I ! ”

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

I.

FAITH and Hope went hand in hand,
To the portals of the Better-Land ;
And, boldly knocking, sought to gain
An entrance to its vast domain.
“ Who’s there ? ” a voice within did cry,
“ My sister Faith,” said Hope, “ and I.”
Again the voice within did say, ‘
“ Where is your younger sister, pray ?
That other loving sister, she
Whom ye on earth called Charity ? ”
Then Faith outspoke and thus did say :—
“ Our sister tarried by the way ;
A beggar-woman sought our alms,
With tearful eyes and outstretched palms,
And Charity, our gentle sister,
Just stayed a moment to assist her ;
Another, wounded unto death,
She knelt beside to catch his breath,
If, haply, she might bear to heaven
An earnest of his sins forgiven ;

And now I pray that ye may ope
The portal-gates to Faith and Hope."
But still the voice within did cry,
"Where is your sister Charity?"

II.

Awhile, dejected and distressed;
The sisters sat them down to rest;
"It was not well," then Faith did say,
"To leave our sister by the way,
For if some evil her befall,
We cannot enter heaven at all;"
Then hand in hand together went
To find sweet Charity intent.

III.

They found her weeping by the side
Of him who had so lately died;
"I know his sins are all forgiven,
His last, last words were 'God and Heaven,'"
She said, then rising from the ground,
She gazed o'er all the space around,
Until she joyfully espied
Her sisters standing by her side;
Together then, and hand in hand,
Again they sought the spirit-land.

IV.

While yet afar off, they descried
The gates of heaven open wide ;
What mean those strains that greet the ear ?
What words are those that now they hear ?
The beggar and the one that died
Are standing by the Crucified ;
And now as Charity draws nigh,
They sing in chorus loud and high ;
While angel voices, far and near,
Re-echo through the heavenly sphere ;
“ Welcome to thy home on high,
Meek and lowly Charity ;
Welcome to the Father’s kiss ;
Welcome to an angel’s bliss ;
Welcome blessed Trinity,—
Faith and Hope and Charity.”
And now the portal-gates are passed,
And God and Heaven are won at last !

THE THREE MARYS.

I.

WE should love the name of Mary,
For the sake of her who bore
Jesus on her gentle bosom,
In the days of yore :
Soothed and oftentimes caressed Him,
Blending with His own her breath ;
Stood beside and fondly blessed Him,
At his death.

II.

We should love the name of Mary,
For the sake of her who bowed
At the Savior's feet in sorrow,
And with wailings loud,
Did lament her lost condition,
All before the face of men ;—
Thine be glory's full fruition.
Magdalen !

III.

We should love the name of Mary,
For the sake of her who cried,
“ Lord, had'st 'Thou but been anear us,
Brother had not died.”
Tears of kindly recollection,
Mingling with her bitter sighs,
As they met a like reflection,
In His eyes!

IV.

We should love the name of Mary,
In that they together stand
'Round the pure white throne in Heaven,
Joining hand in hand;
And the while all circumspectly,
Jesus, Savior, praising Thee,
Shedding on us indirectly
Blessings free!

"JESUS WEPT."

I.

At the tomb of Lazarus,
Where his friend in silence slept,
We are told within the scriptures
Jesus wept!

II.

Wept to see the mourning sisters
Bend beneath a weight of woe,
That the sad and sorrow-stricken
Only know.

III.

Wept to see the noble Martha
Strive to overmaster grief;
Wept to see the gentle Mary
Find relief

IV.

From her overburdened sorrow,
In the burning tears she shed,
At the kindly recollection
Of the dead.

V.

Wept to know that Lazarus,
 Whom, when living, well he loved,
 Lay beneath the heavy tomb-stone
 All unmoved.

VI.

Wept to know that human sorrow,
 Wept to know that human grief,
 Find, in sympathy from heaven,
 Sweet relief.

VII.

Wept to know the good All-Father's
 Eye was on him now in love ;
 Wept to know his prayer was answered
 From above.

VIII.

Wept to see his friend and brother
 Issue from his clammy bed,
 When he cried “Come forth, O! Lazarus,
 From the dead!”

IX.

Wept to see the joyful sisters,
 Free from all of death's alarms,
 Clasp again the loving brother
 In their arms.

X.

Wept to press unto his bosom
Him from whom he soon must part ;
Wept to feel the life-blood throbbing
In his heart.

XI.

Wept to know that many, looking
On himself with curious eye,
Soon would see a glorious vision
From on high !

XII.

At the tomb of Lazarus
Where his friend in silence slept,
Thus the gentle, kind and loving
Jesus wept.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

I.

Spake the weary prodigal,
In his hunger and distress,
“ I will to my father go,
He will bless.

II.

“ He has food enough to spare,
Bread enough for all to eat ;
I will claim an humble share
At his feet.

III.

“ I will tell him I have sinned,
And will thus his pity move ;
Foul and all unworthy now
Of his love.

IV.

“ I will tell him that a place,
Given to his men of hire,
Is the utmost meed of grace
I desire.”

V.

Thus the weary prodigal,
Humbled by his soul's distress,
To his father's house drew nigh,
Did he bless?

VI.

When his father, from the door
Of the old, ancestral home,
Saw his poor, repentant child
Thither come—

VII.

Out he ran with open arms
To receive his long-lost boy
From the world's insidious charms:
O! what joy!

VIII.

“Let the fatted calf be killed;
Let the household merry make,
Into all be joy instilled,
For the sake

IX.

“Of my son who once was lost,
But who now is found again;
Weary, worn, and sorrow-tossed,
Heart and brain.

X.

“Here upon thy father’s breast,
Lay thine aching head, my child;
Here in peaceful slumber rest,
Calmly, mild!”

XI.

Father! from thy throne on high,
When oppressed with deepest grief,
Look on us with pitying eye,
Send relief.

XII.

Upon all who come in love,
Humbly kneeling at thy feet,
Thou wilt shower from above
Honors meet!

MY FRIEND.

I.

I HAVE a friend, a friend sincere,
Who kindly yields me, year by year,
For gladness joy, and tear for tear.

II.

He takes my hand within His own,
And leads me, though a man o'ergrown,
Lest I should "fall upon a stone!"

III.

And in the blessed springtime fair,
He points me to the blossoms rare,
That sweetly perfume all the air,

IV.

And in the summer's sultry heat,
He guides me to some cool retreat,
Beneath the shade of foliage sweet.

V.

And in the autumn's yellow leaf,
He kindly whispers "Time is brief!
"Prepare thou, then, life's harvest-sheaf!"

VI.

And in the winter's chilling blast,
He bids me not be over-cast,
But look for brighter things at last.

VII.

Thus in each season doth my friend
Some comfort to my spirit lend,
That knows no changing yet nor end!

VIII.

Methinks I hear you ask of me
"Who may this friend of wonder be?"
Well, listen; I will tell it thee:

IX.

The mighty Framers of the sky,
The Ruler of man's destiny,
The omnipresent Deity!

X.

Alas ! for man, insensate clod,
His best and warmest friend is God,
That ever in his pathway trod.

XI.

My Maker, Savior, God and Friend,
O, ever on my steps attend,
Until my life shall have an end.

XII.

And when this fleeting scene be o'er,
O, meet my spirit on the shore
Of the eternal Evermore !

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

I.

In the mountain—in the stream—
In the hushed and charméd air—
In the working of a dream—
God is everywhere !

II.

In the star that decks the sky,
Shining through the silent air ;
In the cloud that saileth by—
God is everywhere !

III.

In the lily of the field—
Or in floweret more rare—
In the perfume rose's yield—
God is everywhere !

IV.

In the sunbeam, clear and bright—
In the rainbow, wondrous fair—
In the darkness of the night—
God is everywhere !

V.

In the gentle summer breeze—
In the rushing winter air—
In the rustling of the trees—
God is everywhere!

VI.

In the organ's solemn sound—
Or in music's lighter air—
All above—beneath—around—
God is everywhere!

GLORIA TIBI.

I.

God of the earliest streaks of dawn
That tint the orient skies of day ;
God of the bright and beauteous morn ;
God of the noontide's gladsome ray ;
God of the evening's twilight grey ;
God of the midnight's solemn hour ;
God of the Everlasting Day ;
God of all grace, and love, and power ;
Unto Thee my soul would raise
Grateful hymns of solemn praise ;
Help me worthily to sing
Great Creator God and King !

BEAUTY.

I.

ALL around me things of beauty
Rise before my raptured eyes ;
God of Heaven, O ! how glorious
Are the azure skies !
O ! how beautiful the flowers,
Wherewith thou hast decked the earth ;
Beauty, all surpassing beauty,
Everywhere hath birth !

II.

Earth's green carpet, how it glistens
In the morning's early light ;
While the air is filled with songsters,
In their plumage bright :
Placid waters all around me,
Gold and silver tribes supply ;
Everywhere some form of beauty
Meets my gladdened eye !

III.

While the little cradled infant
Smileth gently in its sleep,
Beauty sits enthroned upon it,
Holy, calm and deep !
When it groweth into childhood
Laughing in its merry glee ;
Still another phase of beauty
In its grace we see !

IV.

In the maid of sixteen summers,
In the matron staid and mild,
In the youth of gentle motion,
Or of gestures wild :
In man's midday hour of glory,
Or in his serener life ;
Each successive age with beauty,
Still is fully rife !

V.

He who made Creation glorious,
And pronounced it "very good."
Gave to me the sense of beauty,
Felt and understood,

That I might adore the Maker
Of the wondrous works I see,
E'er from Nature's self uplooking
To the Deity!

VI.

O! what transcendental beauty
Sits upon the Savior's face,
When he gazes on the sinner,
With a look of grace:
Says "Thy errors are forgiven,
Go in peace and sin no more;"
Countless forms of radiant beauty
Gleam his vision o'er!

VII.

When I enter death's dark valley,
Cheered by Christ's redeeming grace,
May all beauty pale before me
Save his blessed face:
Soothed, sustained, upheld and cherished,
'Till the dreary way is done;
May I find in Heaven's blest mansions
God and beauty one!

THE ONE HOPE.

I.

A SINGLE withered leaf is left
Upon the forest tree,
By angry winds and storms bereft
Of other company :
And though its friends have long since gone,
The withered leaf still clingeth on.

II.

So one fond hope within my breast
Remaineth there alone ;
Unlike the falsely-flattering rest,
That long, long since have flown—
This single hope yet clingeth there,
To save my soul from dark despair.

III.

It is—that when my hour shall come
To lie beneath the sod,
That angels take my spirit home
To commune with her God!
Let storms assail me as they will,
This one blest hope sustains me still!

LITTLE EMMA'S DEATH.

I.

“Who does Emma love?” we said,
To our little one that died;
Smiling, as she raised her head,
“Jesus!” she replied.

II.

“Emma wants to be at rest;
Wants to lay her little head
On her Heavenly Father's breast—
Ever-blessed bed!

III.

“Emma wants to sing the song
That the little angels sing,
Wants to hover all day long
On an angel's wing.

IV.

“ Wants to see the pearly gate,
Wants to see the milk-white dove
That on Jesus' head once sate—
Emblem sweet of love !

V.

“ Wants to hear her Father's voice
Saying, ' Emma, ' come to me,
Evermore shalt thou rejoice
In eternity. ' ”

VI.

Emma had her wish, for she,
Ere the midday sun was high,
With a sweet serenity
Breathed her latest sigh.

VII.

Can we doubt that Emma's now
On her spirit-wing afloat,
Gazing on our saddened brow,
And our stifled throat—

VIII.

Watching o'er our temporal things,
Half-partaker of our food,
Pleading with the King of kings,
For our earthly good?

IX.

Firm-believing in the faith,
In the which our Emma died,
We commend her now in death
To the Crucified!

THANKSGIVING.

I.

THANKSGIVING, and the voice of praise
To God, the gracious Giver,
For every good that crowns our days,
Forever, and forever !
For morning light, and evening shade,
For tender blade and blossom,
For joy and sorrow equal made,
To glad and pain the bosom.

II.

We thank Thee, Father, for the grain
Abundant, rich and precious,
That since the harvest-day hath lain
In granaries full spacious ;
We thank Thee for the fruits of earth,
Thy tender mercy lendeth ;
The mind that spake them into birth,
Our highest thought transcendeth.

III.

We thank Thee for the gift of sight,
To see their glad completeness ;
We thank Thee for the keen delight
With which we taste their sweetness ;
We thank Thee for all joy we feel ;
We thank Thee for all sorrow ;
We thank Thee for our present weal,
And trust Thee for the morrow !

IV.

We thank Thee for the right that each
Within himself possesses
To worship Thee in thought or speech,
As best his spirit blesses ;
We thank Thee for the coming day,
Along the sky progressing,
When man for man shall lead the way
To Freedom's richest blessing.

V.

We thank Thee, Father, for the gift
All other gifts excelling
That Thou dost oft our spirits lift
To be thine own indwelling !

We thank Thee for the Holy Book
That yields the blest confession
That Christ, thy Son, with pleading look,
Still maketh intercession !

VI.

Thanksgiving and the voice of praise
To God the gracious Giver,
For every good that crowns our days,
Forever, and forever !
The morning light, the evening shade,
The sunshine and the raining—
We take them each as they are made,
Without the least complaining !

PRAYER.

I.

ABBA FATHER ! humbly bending,
At thine altar now we kneel,
May our prayer to heaven ascending,
Cause Thee to regard our weal ;
Lord have mercy now upon us,
All our wanderings forgive ;
For the Savior's cross hath won us,
Jesus died that we might live.

II.

We have done the things forbidden,
Left undone the things of right,
And our souls' deep love is hidden
'Neath the shadows as of night ;
Shine, O ! shine, thou Sun of Heaven,
Chase our darkness far away,
And let unto us be given
The glad light of perfect day.

III.

Lamb of God ! all pure and spotless,
Living still and undefiled ;
Often have we, gay and thoughtless,
Wandered, like the erring child,
From our Father's home and heaven,
And his warnings oft defied ;
Be our souls' dark sins forgiven,
Thou for us wert crucified.

IV.

Holy Spirit ! boon of heaven,
That within our souls hath birth,
O ! assure us we're forgiven,
Lift our spirits from the earth,
To commune with saints in glory,
In the paradise above ;
Who repeat the wondrous story
Of a dear Redeemer's love.

V.

Abba Father ! humbly bending,
At thine altar now we kneel,
May our prayer to heaven ascending,
Cause Thee to regard our weal ;
Lord have mercy now upon us,
All our wanderings forgive ;
For the Savior's cross hath won us,
Jesus died that we might live.

VOICES OF HOME.



VOICES OF HOME.

THE CASKET AND THE JEWELS.

I.

I HAVE a casket rich and rare,
Three jewels bright within ;
And, though I often view them there,
They never can grow dim :
They sparkle in the morning sun,
Like dew-drops on the flowers ;
And, when the evening shadows come,
They cheer my dreaming hours.

II.

Yes ! mine is wealth beyond compare,
And well I know its worth ;
My wife and little ones so dear,
That cluster round my hearth—
These are my jewels, all so fair,
The casket is my home ;
O ! these are all my heart holds dear,
Nor will I from them roam.

MY FATHER.

I.

My father was a parent kind,
And loved his children dear ;
And when his hour of death drew nigh
We shed full many a tear ;
We wept—though not in bitterness,
For well we knew that he
Enjoyed throughout the shadow-vale
The smile of Deity.

II.

He had a pleasant word for all
Who came within his way,
A smile was ever on his face—
A kind, benignant ray :
Where'er he roamed he made him friends
Of high or low degree ;
The only birthright that he owned
Was sterling honesty.

III.

Misfortune's heavy shadow fell
Upon his later years,
We marked with grief his failing strength,
And turned to hide our tears :
At length an angel messenger,
Commissioned from the sky,
Approached my father with a smile,
And bore his soul on high.

IV.

We laid him in his quiet grave,
A rural, soft retreat,
And turned our faces from the spot,
With slow, unwilling feet :
We raised no graven monument
Above his humble sod ;—
My father was "an honest man—
The noblest work of God."

MY MOTHER.

I.

My mother—she is aged now,
 And many a silver hair
Is sadly parted on her brow,
 Deep furrowed o'er with care :
O ! she has been so kind to me,
 So loving and sincere,
That I would make her half forget
 She ever knew a tear.

II.

Yet will mine eyes o'erflow with tears,
 My bosom heave a sigh
To know that in a few short years
 My mother dear must die :
For who will guide my manhood then,
 Or watch my steps in love ?
Methinks I hear her sweet voice say,
 “ My child, thy God above ! ”

III.

Then will I heed my mother's voice,
Her counsel sweet obey,
Thus may I soothe her sorrows here,
Thus cheer her latest day;
And, when my hour of death shall come—
As come full soon it must—
May her dear angel form receive
My spirit from its dust.

MY WIFE.

I.

I HAVE a wife—a dear young wife—
A creature pure and mild,
As happy and as innocent
As any laughing child :
Her eyes are brighter than the stars
That shine within the sky—
Yet still they glow with deepened light
Whenever I am nigh.

II.

I have a wife—a dear young wife—
A creature kind and good,
Companion of my lighter hours,
Or those of darkened mood :
Her voice is sweeter far to me
Then carol of a bird—
A purer tone I well believe
A mortal never heard.

III.

Then may my wife—my dear young wife,
Whose love is so sincere ;
Who smiles when joy lights up my face,
Or gives me tear for tear :
May she, now sitting by my side,
Her head upon my breast,
Be kindly bless'd of her God
When I am laid to rest.

OUR LITTLE BOY.

I.

WHEN the evening shadows gather
Round about our quiet hearth,
Comes our eldest-born unto us,
Bending humbly to the earth :
And with hands enclaspéd tightly,
And with meek eyes raised above,
This the prayer he offers nightly,
To the Source of light and love :

II.

“ Bless my parents, O my Father !
Bless my little sister dear ;
While I gently take my slumber,
Be thy guardian angels near :
Should no morning's dawn e'er greet me,
Beaming brightly from the skies,
Thine the eye of love to meet me
In the paths of Paradise !”

III.

Now a glad "good-night" he gives us,
And he seals it with a kiss;
Naught of earthly sorrow grieves us
In an hour so full of bliss:
Now our arms about him wreathing,
One fond kiss before he sleep;
Soon we hear his gentle breathing
In a slumber calm and deep.

OUR LITTLE GIRL.

I.

OUR little babe! our bright-eyed one!
Our youngest darling joy,
We teach, at evening hour, to kneel
Beside our little boy:
And though she cannot lisp a word,
Nor breathe a simple prayer,
We know her Maker blesseth her
The while she kneeleth there.

II.

And, oh! we love our little one,
So artless and so pure—
She hath so many winning ways
Our fondness to secure:
And while she thus in silence kneels,
Some angel-prompted tone,
Unheard by us, may mingle with
The prayer to Mercy's throne.

III.

And she, too, fondly comes to us,
With eyes of sparkling bliss,
And, like her brother, she receives
A good-night, parting kiss ;
Nor aught of fear disturbs our breast,
The while to sleep she's given,
For such as she will ever find
The guardianship of Heaven.

THE OLD FARM GATE.

I.

I LOVE it! I love it! and oft pass it by,
With a sigh in my breast, and a tear in my eye,
As backward I gaze on the days that are passed,
Too sunny, and joyous, and happy to last;
O! my life was young and my spirit elate,
In the time that I dwelt by the old farm-gate.

II.

How oft have I mounted that old gate, astride;
With a rope and a stick for a frolicsome ride;
And when it would open with slow gentle force,
“Gee! whoa!” would I cry to my gay mimic horse:
Who so merry as I, as I fearlessly sate,
On the broad topmost rail of the old farm-gate?

III.

And by turns we would ride on ‘a real live horse,’
We called his name Raven, so black was his gloss;
And our plump little pony, so frolic and wild
When he carried a man—was never so mild
If he knew my sweet sister, the pert little Kate,
Was to ride on his back from the old farm-gate.

IV.

And Towler, our little dog Towler, was there,
His bark of delight sounding loud on the air ;
And if we were happy as happy could be,
Little Towler I'm sure was happy as we ;
We wept when he died, and we laid him in state,
At the foot of the tree by the old farm-gate.

V.

Long before we grew up my kind father died,
And soon my dear mother was laid by his side ;
Then Tommy, and next my sweet little sister,
O ! how we did weep as we bent o'er and kissed her,
And Willie would have it, he saw little Kate
Pass homeward to God through the old farm-gate.

VI.

I love it, I love it, and oft pass it by,
With a sigh in my breast and a tear in my eye,
As backward I gaze on the days that are passed,
And wonder if I may yet rest me at last,
With father, and mother, and sweet little Kate,
In the churchyard, back of the old farm-gate.

LOVE THY MOTHER, LITTLE ONE.

I.

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly ;
Clasp thy little arms around her,
For a holy tie hath bound her—
Bound her close to thee !
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly.

II.

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her earnestly ;
Gaze into her eyes, and see there—
All that thou couldst hope to be there—
Warmest love for thee !
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her earnestly.

III.

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her fervently ;
By thy couch she kneeleth nightly,
And, with hands enclaspéd tightly,
Prayeth, love, for thee !
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her fervently.

IV.

Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly ;
Clasp thy little arms around her,
For a holy tie hath bound her—
Bound her close to thee !
Love thy mother, little one,
Love her tenderly.

THE TRUEST FRIENDS.

I.

LET others boast them as they may
Of spirits kind and true,
Whose gentle words and loving smiles
Have cheered them on life through :
And though they count of friends a host,
To bless the paths they've trod,
These are the ones have loved *me* most—
My mother, wife, and God.

II.

My mother ! tears of gratitude
Upon these pages fall,
When I, in sweetly-pensive mood,
Thy tender love recall :
And while my tears are flowing fast,
My spirit heaves a sigh,
To think that I have ever grieved
A love so pure and high.

III.

My gentle wife! thy love-lit eye
Beams on me now the same
As when before the altar thou
Didst change for me thy name :
And thou, too, art all tenderness,
And purity and truth ;
May every holy influence bless
The bridal of our youth.

IV.

My Maker ! first, best friend of all,
The Author of my life ;
To Thee I owe those goodly gifts—
My mother and my wife :
And many a solemn thought by Thee,
Unto my mind is given,
To turn my steps from vanity.
And woo my soul to heaven.

AM I HAPPY ?

I.

Am I happy? Let me see—
Truly so!
A fond wife, that loveth me,
Soothes my woe:
Sweeter cause for true content,
Who may know ?

II.

Am I happy? Let me see—
Yes, I am!
Now my boy, in rognish glee,
Full of game,
Rides his horse upon my knee,
None to blame.

III.

Am I happy? Let me see—
Untold bliss!
Baby totters now to me
For a kiss!
Wife and boy and baby sweet,
What *is* happiness complete,
If not this ?

THE ANGEL OF OUR HOME.

I.

WE have an angel in our home,
A bright and happy one,
With hair as golden as the clouds
Around the setting sun :
Her eyes are like the stars that gem
The beauty of the night,
And over all her face they shed
An exquisite delight.

II.

We have an angel in our home,
And lovingly at morn
She twines her rosy arms about
Our little, eldest-born :
To say we love her would but ill
Our feelings fond express ;
We gaze upon her and we feel
A wealth of tenderness.

III.

We have an angel in our home,
And every evening we
Have taught her in sweet trustfulness
To bend the willing knee ;
And thus we have a blessedness
Within our humble dome—
Our little, winsome, baby girl,
The angel of our home.

IV.

Such is the angel of our home,
The bright and happy one,
With hair as golden as the clouds
Around the setting sun :
Then wonder not that we should pray,
Beneath our humble dome,
That God in mercy bless always
The angel of our home.

GOOD NIGHT.

I.

“Good night, dear mamma,” a little girl said,
“I am going to sleep in my nice trundle bed ;
Good-night, dear papa ; little brother and sis !”
And to each one the innocent gave a sweet kiss.
“Good-night, little darling,” her fond mother said—
“But remember, before you lie down in your bed,
With a heart full of love, and a tone soft and mild,
To breathe a short prayer to Heaven, sweet child.”
“O ! yes, dear mamma,” said the child with a nod,
“I love, oh ! I love to say ‘Good-night’ to God !”

II.

Kneeling down, “My dear Father in Heaven,” she said,
“I thank Thee for giving me this nice little bed ;
For though mamma told me, *she* bought it for me,
She tells me that every thing good comes from Thee ;
I thank Thee for keeping me safe through the day ;
I thank Thee for teaching me, too, how to pray ;”

Then bending her sweet little head with a nod,
“ Good-night! my dear Father, my Maker, and God ;
Should I never again on the earth ope my eyes,
I pray Thee to give me a home in the skies.”

III.

’Twas an exquisite sight, as she meekly knelt there,
Her eyes raised to Heaven, her hands clasped in prayer,
And I thought of the time, when the Savior in love
Said, “ Of such is the kingdom of Heaven above ;”
And I inwardly prayed that my own heart the while,
Might be cleansed of its bitterness, freed from its guile !
Then she crept into bed, that beautiful child,
And was soon lost in slumber so calm and so mild,
That we listened in vain for the sound of her breath,
As she lay in the arms of the emblem of death.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

I.

WHEN we gather round our hearth,
Consecrated by the birth
Of our eldest, darling boy,
Only one thing mars our joy :
'Tis the dreary corner, where
Stands, unfilled, the vacant chair.

II.

Little Mary, bright and blest,
Early sought her heavenly rest :
Oft we see her in our dreams—
Then an angel-one she seems !
But we oftener see her, where
Stand, unfilled, the vacant chair.

III.

But 'twere sinful to repine ;
Much of joy to me and mine
Has the gentle Shepherd given :
Little Mary is in heaven !
Blesséd thought ! while gazing where
Stands, unfilled, the vacant chair.

IV.

Many parents, kind and good,
Lost to them their little brood,
Bless their Maker night and day,
Though he took their *all* away !
Shall we, therefore, murmur, where
Stands, unfilled, *one* vacant chair ?

V.

Little Mary ! angel blest !
From thy blissful place of rest
Look upon us ! angel-child,
Fill us with thy spirit mild :
Keep o'er us thy watchful care ;
Often fill the vacant chair.

CHILDHOOD.

I.

How sweet the smile of infancy,
That playeth o'er the face!
The ripple on the summer stream
Hath not a purer grace :
Methinks the vilest of the vile
Must love to see an infant smile.

II.

The happy laugh of childhood,
That ringeth on the air ;
There's not an after-note of joy
That will with it compare ;
It chaseth years of care away
To hear a tone so wildly gay.

III.

And e'en the tear of childhood,
That falleth from the eye,
Is brighter than the pearly gem
That droppeth from the sky :
Soon like the dew it fades away
Before the smiling face of day.

IV.

O, happy hours of childhood !
I would I were a boy,
That I might taste but once again
Such perfectness of joy :
No smile, nor ringing laugh—but tears
Are left us in our later years !

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR MAN.

I.

THE children of the poor man—
Through winter's snow and sleet,
They tread the city's narrow walks,
With cold and naked feet ;
Their pallid cheeks and sunken eyes
Awake my deepest sympathies.

II.

The children of the poor man—
Mine eyes o'erflow with tears,
To know that they're compelled to give
Their young and tender years
To unremitting, ardent toil,
From which their very souls recoil.

III.

The children of the poor man—
Through long, long years of pain,
Of sorrow, want, and misery,
Seldom if e'er complain ;
But, with a patient meekness, they
Pursue their labors day by day.

IV.

The children of the poor man—
I cannot weep when they
Are by a kindly Providence
Called from the earth away :
A joy that will not be repressed
Springs up within my grateful breast.

V.

The children of the poor man—
O, ye in wealth secure !
Bless with a kindly word and deed
The children of the poor ;
And point them to a home above,
Where all is perfect peace and love.

BABY'S DEAD.

I.

ONE day, I chanced to meet,
In the street,
A pretty little child
Crying bitterly and wild,
"What ails thee, little one?" said I,
Sobbingly he made reply,
As he raised his curly head,
"Baby's dead."

II.

"Nay, my darling, do not weep,
Baby's only gone to sleep;
He will soon wake up again!"
But my words were all in vain;
"He has never slept so long,
He is gone, forever gone;
For, kind sir, my mother said
Baby's dead."

III.

Then I took him by the hand,
Strove to make him understand,
How far happier than we
Baby was with Deity!
But 'twas throwing words away,
For, ever and anon, he'd say,
As he, weeping, raised his head,
"Baby's dead."

IV.

So within these hearts of ours,
In life's later, autumn hours,
Stricken hopes like withered flowers
Rustle as we tread:
When some favorite wish is crossed,
Or some cherished hope is lost,
To our souls all tempest-tossed,
"Baby's dead!"

V.

Kindly words and gentle deeds,
When the bosom inly bleeds,
Bring but little consolation
To the spirit's desolation,
If, for aye, sweet Hope hath fled,
"Baby's dead!"
Forever dead.

HERE AND THERE.

I.

FOUR little feet on the fender,
Warming each tiny toe,
Tell of an earthly parent's care,
For his children here below.

II.

Four little feet in heaven,
Pattering along the floor,
Speak of the good All-Father's love,
When time with them is o'er.

III.

Four little feet in heaven,
Four little feet below,
Who would not choose the former lot,
Though it filled his cup with woe?

IV.

Four little feet on the fender
Wean us from God above;
Four little feet in heaven
Draw us by cords of love!

LYRICS OF LOVE.

LYRICS OF LOVE.

THE DAWN OF LOVE.

AND when he said "I love thee!"
She gazed into his eyes
With what she fondly hoped would be
An eloquent surprise!
Then, deeply blushing, down she cast
Her eyes upon the ground,
And, for a time, the moments passed
In silence most profound!
But all in vain—The Dawn of Love
She thought to have concealed
In that her lips refused to move,
Her tell-tale eyes revealed!

DO I LOVE THEE?

I.

Do I love thee? Ask the flower,
If it love the pearly tear,
That, at evening's quiet hour,
Falleth, soft and clear,
Its gentle form to bless?
If, perchance, it answer "Yes?"
Answer thee sincerely—
Then I love with earnestness,
Then I love thee dearly.

II.

Do I love thee? Ask the child,
If it love its mother dear?
If it love her accents mild?
Love her fond, sincere,
Tender and warm caress?
If, perchance, it answer "Yes?"
Answer thee sincerely—
Then I love with earnestness,
Then I love thee dearly.

III.

Do I love thee? Ay! I love thee
Better far than words can tell;
All around and all above me
Lives a charméd spell,
My spirit sad to bless!
Then I fondly answer "Yes!"
Answer thee sincerely—
That I love with earnestness,
That I love thee dearly.

CASTLE BUILDING.

I.

“HE loves me! Yes, he loves me!
I see it in his eye;
His looks are full of tenderness
Whenever I am nigh!
O! 'tis delightful to be loved
By one so kind as he;
Ere yet another day is gone
A suitor he shall be.

II.

“He loves me! Yes, he loves me!
I know it by the tone
He uses when he speaks to me
When we are all alone;
His voice is like a melody
That floats across the sea;
It is not so to other girls,
'Tis only so to me.

III.

“I’ll have him! Yes, I’ll have him!
When his love he shall express,
I’ll torture him a little while,
Then sweetly answer, ‘Yes!’
He’ll clasp me then within his arms,
And on my forehead fair
He’ll press the first fond kiss of love—
Would it might linger there!

IV.

I’d like him better, though, I think,
If he were only poor,
That I might chase him in and out
My father’s cottage door;
And pluck the flow’rets from their stems
And place them in his vest,
And tell him how I’d love, like them,
To lie upon his breast.

V.

“And then he’d chuck me on the chin,
And hasten fast away;
And I would follow with a shout
Of laughter wild and gay:

And thus our days of courtship fond
 Would glide all sweetly by,
Until the happy wedding-day—
 Ah me ! that makes me sigh.”

VI.

Dream on, dream on, thou pretty one,
 The poet would not mar
Thy fairy castle in the air,
 E'en should it reach yon star,
That shineth nightly from on high,
 In beauty, like a queen,
Until it veils its liquid light
 Or pales its lustrous sheen.

VII.

Dream on, dream on, and may no ill
 Thy future lot o'ercast ;
But may each fair succeeding day
 Be happy as the last :
And may good spirits hover round,
 And gently fan thy rest,
"Till love, and happiness, and peace
 Be centered in thy breast.

THE POET'S CHOICE.

I.

“STANDING now before thee, Colin,
Are my coz and I;
Tell me truly, now, dear Colin,
While we're waiting by,
Which the prettier of the twain,
My sweet coz or I?

II.

“See my locks so bright and golden,
Braided o'er my brow;
See mine eyes so blue and heavenly,
And my pretty mou',
And my teeth of pearly whiteness,
Fairer none I vow!

III.

“See my cousin’s locks of raven,
On her brow so white,
And her gentle features graven
With a calm delight :
Do not fear mine anger, Colin,
But decide aright.”

IV.

Colin stood awhile uncertain,
Then he made reply—
“Fair to me thy locks so golden,
Beautiful thine eye ;
Pearly teeth so white and even
Ne’er before saw I :

V.

“Locks of raven like thy cousin’s,
Lovely are, I ween,
Features all so calm and holy
Seldom e’er are seen !
To decide which is the prettier,
Two such maids between,

VI.

“ Is too nice a task, sweet maiden,
For such a youth as I ;
One is like the morning sunrise,
One the evening sky ;
Both so beautiful and lovely
That they charm the eye ! ”

VII.

Now with hands enclasped together,
Sweetly to behold,
Light they bounded o'er the heather
Raven locks and gold ;
While beside me, spell-entrancéd,
Stood young Colin bold.

VIII.

Then, afar, I heard them singing,
Colin's sweet reply—
“ One is like the morning sunrise,
One the evening sky, ”
Till their voices in the distance
Sounded like a sigh.

IX.

Came the evening shadows o'er us,
As we lingering stood,
Clothing landscape all before us,
Mountain, vale and wood,
With a darkness like the spirit's
Melancholy mood.

X.

Then unto young Colin turning,
"Colin ! sir," said I,
"I will take the morning sunrise,
Thou the evening sky,
And, within our souls, forever
Wear them till we die."

THE ONE THAT I LOVE.

I.

THE one that I love hath golden hair,
And an eye of beauty beyond compare ;
She hath pearly teeth and a wee-bit mouth,
And a breath like the balm of the sunny South ;
Her voice is like to a poet's dream,
As gentle and soft as a summer stream ;
And well do I know that she loveth me,
For the strength of her love looketh out from her e'e.

II.

The one that I love hath a heart at ease
With the sweetest of nature's harmonies ;
She loveth the bees, and she loveth the flowers
That make up the joy of the summer hours ;
She loveth the rain, and she loveth the snow,
And she loveth to soothe another's woe ;
But, best of all, she loveth me,
And the strength of her love looketh out from her e'e.

III.

The one that I love hath a soul of truth,
Unstained from the days of her earliest youth;
And she often whispereth unto me,
“ I never loved any before I loved thee ! ”
And she layeth her delicate head on my breast—
To her 'tis the home and the haven of rest—
She is all of life's joy that is left unto me,
And the strength of her love looketh out from her e'e.

IV.

The one that I love is a part of my life—
I have made her a blessing—I have made her my wife,
I will love her forever ; I will love her for aye ;
I will love her till life shall itself pass away ;
In that bright world of peace and of beauty above,
In the realms of the blest, I will seek for my love ;
And the angels of glory will kiss her for me,
As the strength of her love looketh out from her e'e.

O! LET THY FEATURES ONCE AGAIN.

I.

O! LET thy features once again
The sunny smile of girlhood wear,
Ere yet a single thought of pain
Disturbed thee with an anxious care :
And I will happy be the while,
As erst I was in boyhood's hours,
For to my spirit thy sweet smile
Is morning sunlight to the flowers.

II.

And sweetly sing again to me,
The song on which we used to dwell,
For, oh! I know 'twill bring to thee
The sunny smile I loved so well,
That smile which neither time nor space
Can ever from my heart remove ;
Which lit with joy thine angel face—
The first sweet holy smile of love!

III.

And should a shade of sorrow steal,
 Again, across thy snowy brow,
To me the sad'ning cause reveal,
 And I will soothe thee e'en as now :
O ! then, I pray thee, sweetly smile,
 As erst in girlhood's happier hours,
And e'en thy tears shall seem the while
 Like morning dew-drops on the flowers.

CONSTANCY.

I.

FORGET thee ! should the sun forget
To shine upon the earth ;
Should stars, in azure beauty set,
Forget their glorious birth ;
Should lofty hills forget to lift
Their frontlets to the sky ;
O ! be it still my blissful gift
To love thee till I die.

II.

Forget thee ! should the streams forget
To flow unto the sea ;
Should happy birdlings cease to wet
Their throats to melody ;
Should everything, in earth or air,
Forget its duty high ;
O ! be it still my ceaseless prayer
To love thee till I die.

III.

Forget thee! should the summer air,
Forget its balmy breath;
And icy winter, everywhere,
Proclaim an endless death;
Should Christian hearts their faith forget,
Nor soar into the sky;
Still be it mine, ay, even yet,
To love thee till I die.

MARIE CLAIR.

I.

I do love thee, Marie Clair,
As the swallow loves the air ;
As the dew-drop loves the flower ;
As the sceptred monarch—power ;
As the honey-seeking bee
Loves the blossom on the tree ;
Yet within thy bosom's cell
Not a kindly thought doth dwell,
For the one who loves so well.

II.

By the sun that shines above me ;
By the burning thoughts that move me ;
By the beauty of thine eyes,
Fairer far than summer skies ;
By thy lips so sweet and cherry ;
By thy laugh so gay and merry ;
By all these I fondly swear
That I love thee, Marie Clair,
Maiden of the golden hair !

III.

By thy soul, serene and high,
Fixed upon its native sky ;
By thy thought-revealing face ;
By thy modesty and grace ;
By thine innocence and youth ;
By thy purity and truth ;
By all these and more I swear
That I love thee, Marie Clair,
Fairest, loveliest of the fair.

IV.

In all time of sun and season ;
In all moods of rhyme or reason ;
In all days of joy and gladness ;
In all hours of gloom and sadness ;
In all frames of fitful folly,
Or of sober melancholy,
I do love thee, Marie Clair,
Maiden of the sunset hair,
With a love beyond compare.

V.

Gave the lovely maid no token,
That such honeyed words outspoken
From a generous manly heart,
Found in her an answering smart ?

Yes! she placed her hand in his;
Offered him her lips to kiss;
Gazed upon him with her eyes
Full of soul-felt sympathies;
Said, and said it o'er and o'er,
From her bosom's inmost core,
"I am thine forever more!

VI.

"Thine to-day and thine to-morrow;
Thine in joy and thine in sorrow;
Thine in sickness or in health;
Thine in poverty or wealth;
Thine in fortune and in fame;
Thine in misery and shame;
Thine to part from thee? no! never!
Thine from whom no fate can sever—
Thine, and only thine, forever!"

SIR RICHARD AND THE SISTERS.

I.

“JENNIE,” said a dark-eyed beauty,
To her younger sister by,
“Did Sir Richard, dearest Jennie,
Praise the lustre of mine eye?
Did he say my face was perfect?
Did he say my feet were small?
For I thought I overheard him,
Dearest sister, in the hall.”
Jennie turned aside, nor answered,
For her heart was like a pall.

II.

“Jennie, dearest sister Jennie,
Said he that my voice was mild?
Said he that my heart was gentle,
Like unto a very child?
Said he that he loved me truly?
Said he that he loved me well?”

Come now, dearest sister Jennie,
 Tell me, dearest Jennie, tell!"
 Jennie turned aside, nor answered
 For her heart was like a knell.

III.

Came Sir Richard in the twilight
 Of the gladsome summer hours,
 Holding in his hands a bouquet
 Made of earth's most precious flowers ;
 Slow-advancing unto Jennie,
 In *her* hands he placed the prize ;
 What can ail the lovely maiden ?
 Lo ! the tears are in her eyes !
 Are they tears of pain and sorrow,
 Or the tears of glad surprise ?

IV.

They were tears of pain and sorrow,
 For the gentle Jennie knew
 That Sir Richard loved *her* only,
 With a love sincere and true :
 And a feeling of compassion
 For her elder sister's smart
 Cast a shadow o'er her pathway.
 Caused a chill within her heart ;
 " Could Sir Richard love my sister,
 I, for aye, from him would part ! "

V.

“Nay, not so, my lovely Jennie,”
And Sir Richard shook his head;
“I could never love thy sister,
Nor with her consent to wed;
She is fair, I grant thee, Jennie,
Fair as yon bright star on high;
Yet for me a fairer planet
Glitters in the quiet sky!”
And Sir Richard turned on Jennie
All the love-look of his eye.

VI.

Then did Jennie in his bosom
Seek to hide her blushing face;
While her tears ran down like rain-drops,
With a swiftly-flowing pace;
And, ere yet another summer
Came unto the sisters fair,
All the elder's disappointment
Fled like bubbles in the air;
For *another* sought her favor,
And for *him* her only care.

VII.

Rang aloud the village church-bells,
As Sir Richard with his bride
Nodded to the lads and lasses
Thronging them on every side,
At the church's humble altar,
In her simple snow-white dress,
Did the lovely Jennie falter
As she sweetly answered "Yes?"
If she did 'twas not with sorrow,
But with love's own sweet excess.

THE ETERNITY OF A POET'S LOVE.

I.

A MAIDEN wrote on the ocean strand,
With the delicate tip of her jewelled hand,
“I love, I love, and I love but thee!”
Then, turning her soul-full eyes on me,
 “While these letters remain,
 Doubt never again,”
 Said she,
“That I love but thee, that I love but thee!”

II.

The while she spoke,
A wavelet broke
Over the place,
Leaving never a trace
Of the words she had writ!
But with ready wit,
“Behold,” said she, (and truthfully,
“An emblem of woman's constancy!”

III.

A poet wrote in his book of fame,
And addressed the lines to his lady's name;
"I love, I love, and I love but thee!"
Then, turning towards his fair ladie,
 "While these letters remain,
 Doubt never again,"
 Said he,
"That I love but thee, that I love but thee!"

IV.

But what is the *moral* I wish to teach
By the honeyed words of my winning speech?
The bounding waves of the billows of Time
May blot out the stain of the poet's rhyme;
But over his soul
They have no control;
A maiden's love is but for a day,
But a poet's love shall endure for aye!

THE COUNTRY LASSIE AND HER MOTHER.

I.

“ To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has ‘ popped the question ’ to me, ma,
And wants to be my lover !
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,
He's coming here quite early,
To take a pleasant walk with me
Across the field of barley.”

II.

“ You must not go, my daughter dear,
There's no use now a-talking :
You shall not go across the field
With Billy Grimes a-walking :
To think of his presumption, too,
The dirty, ugly drover ;
I wonder where your pride is gone,
To look on such a rover !”

III.

“ ‘Old Grimes is dead,’ you know, mamma,
And Billy is so lonely !
Besides, they say, of Grimes’ estate,
That Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that’s left :
And that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, ma,—
About six hundred yearly.”

IV.

“ I did not hear, my daughter dear,
Your last remark quite clearly ;
But Billy is a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly !
Remember, then, to-morrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley.”

SONGS FOR THE TIMES.



SONGS FOR THE TIMES.

NEVER DESPAIR.

I.

“NEVER say die!” my man;
Whate'er betide,
Are you unfortunate?
Sure the world's wide!
Seek for a better lot.
For a far brighter spot,
Grieving is manly not,
Cast it aside:
“Never say die!” my man,
Whate'er betide.

II.

“Never say die!” my man,
Whate'er befall;
Something of bitterness
Cometh to all;
Gather the sugar-cane,
On life's extended plain,

Soon will the sweet again
 Temper the gall :
 " Never say die ! " my man,
 Whate'er befall.

III.

" Never say die ! " my man.
 " Never say die ! "
 Freedom's great battle-plain
 Needs you and I :
 Gird on the sword of truth,
 Mid-age and lusty youth,
 Old men will pray, forsooth,
 Hands up on high :
 " Never say die ! " my man.
 " Never say die ! "

IV.

" Never say die ! " my man,
 God is aye just ;
 Oft though the right may lie
 Low in the dust—
 Yet doth the dawn appear,
 In the glad coming year,
 When without sign of fear,
 Conquer we must !
 " Never say die ! " my man.
 Still hope and trust

A PLEA FOR FREEDOM.

I.

SHALL the great Atlantic Cable,
Stretching out from shore to shore,
Be a living, lying fable
Evermore ?

II.

Shall it trace such empty phrases—
“Peace on Earth, good-will to man !”
When each nation’s guilt amazes
With its ban ?

III.

While the British cannon thunder
In the far-off isles of sea,
“Peace on earth”—that glorious wonder—
Ne’er can be.

IV.

While Columbia holds a mortal,
Breathing with a slave-life here ;
“Good-will” stands at heaven’s own portal
With a tear.

V.

Not in anger, God of nations,
Sunder Thou the Cable's thread ;
Lest the mighty in their stations
Sink with dread :

VI.

But in mercy speak unto us,
While the lightning current runs ;
Bidding Freedom nobly woo us
For her sons.

MEN OF THE WEST.

I.

MEN of the West, with stalwart arms,
And souls to Nature true ;
Have won the victories of the day,
That ring the wide world through—
That on the page of history,
In deeds of valor done ;
Will e'en outvie the daring high
Of honored Wellington.

II.

Fort Donnelson was nobly earned,
Pea-Ridge was won full well ;
Of Pittsburg-Landing time would fail
The glorious things to tell !—
These are the battles, not of boys,
But men of iron will ;
Who swore to die or plant on high
The Union Banner still !

III.

And then the men who led them on
To triumph in these days ;
For them a people's gratitude,
A nation's loudest praise :—
Halleck and Buell, Grant and Smith,
Curtis and Sigel, all
Whose battle-cry is "*Do or die*"
Before your feet we fall.

IV.

And O! the One who spared their lives
Amid the leaden hail ;
If we forget to honor Him,
We in our duty fail :—
'Twas His right arm that led them on
Through carnage and through death ;
His sleepless eye that from on high
Beheld their fainting breath.

V.

"Up, up and at them once again,
Ye sturdy men and bold ;
They have profaned my Sabbath-day,
'That I ordained of old !"

'Twas as a voice from heaven that spoke
Ere yet the fight was done ;
Each kindling eye was raised on high,
And lo ! the field was won !

VI.

Ye glorious peerage of the earth,
Ye greater far than kings ;
We crown you victors one and all,
With gladdest carrollings !
Break forth ye prairies into song.
'Till every mount and glen ;
'Neath God's blue sky send back the cry
Of Nature's noblemen !

READING THE LIST.

I.

“Is there any news of the war?” she said;
“Only a list of the wounded and dead,”
 Was the man’s reply,
 Without lifting his eye
 To the face of the woman standing by.
“’Tis the very thing that I want,” she said;
“Read me a list of the wounded and dead.”

II.

He read her the list—’twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray;
In the very midst was a pause to tell
Of a gallant youth, who had fought so well
That his comrades asked, “Who is he pray?”
“The only son of the widow Gray,”
 Was the proud reply
 Of his Captain nigh;
What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear!

III.

“ Well, well, read on ; is he wounded ? quick !
O God ! but my heart is sorrow-sick ! ”
“ Is he wounded ? no ! he fell, they say,
Killed outright on that awful day ! ”
But see ! the woman has swooned away !

IV.

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light ;
Slowly recalled the event of the fight ;
Faintly she murmured, “ Killed outright !
It has cost the life of my only son ;
But the battle is fought and the victory won ;
The will of the Lord, let it be done ! ”
God pity the cheerless widow Gray,
And send from the halls of Eternal Day
The light of His peace to illumine her way !

THE COMING TRIUMPH.

I.

MEX of the Keystone State,
Ere yet it be too late,
Hurl back the evil fate
 Now overpending ;
Come at your Country's call,
Life, fortune, honor, all,
Pledge that she may not fall,
 God her defending.

II.

Stalwart and weakly ones,
Married and single sons,
All, who can bear their guns,
 Forward in order !
Let not a single foot
Press with a rebel boot
Soil where ye grow your fruit ;
 Haste to the border !

III.

When ye the foe descri,
Gazing with dauntless eye.
Aiming nor low nor high.
 Fire your pieces !
Calmly reload your gun.
And, when the victory's won.
Think of the good ye've done
 Wives, daughters, nieces !

IV.

Let Independence Bell
Ring out the rebel knell.
And let your triumph swell
 Their great disorder !
O ! what a goodly fate,
Coming or soon or late.
In the old Keystone State
 Not one marauder.

VICTORY!

I.

I SING of victory, to-day,
In loud, exultant voice :
Let every loyal heart, with mine,
Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !
Not long shall Freedom's sons look down,
Appalled at treason's might :
For well they know their cause is just,
And God is with the Right !

II.

I sing of scorn to England,
The treacherous and mean :
The mock philanthropist of earth,
False hypocrite, I ween ;
Who holds within her giant grasp,
The freedom of the world ;
Up, ye who tremble at her power,
And be your flags unfurled.

III.

I sing of love to Russia,
The noble and the true ;
Who tenders us her sympathy,
Our Country's troubles through ;
Who gladdened every noble heart,
The world's wide region o'er :
When her proud edict was proclaimed,
Let serfdom be no more !

IV.

I sing of courtesy to France,
The chivalrous and brave ;
May God protect her in the right,
And from her errors save !
May he who wields her destiny,
Long live to see her thrive :
And may her ancient love for us,
Be ever kept alive.

V.

I sing of deepest sympathy,
That will not be repressed.
For every nation on the globe
By tyrant power oppressed ;

I sing of more than sympathy,
I sing of men and gold ;
Till freedom-shouts shall fill the world ;
And love be manifold.

VI.

I sing of aid to Mexico,
Against her allied foes ;
Ye may not gaze, America,
Unfeeling on her woes.
Ye may not stand aloof and see,
A proud, despotic throne,
Upreared aloft on kindred soil,
So close beside thy own.

VII.

I sing of victory, to-day,
In loud, exultant voice ;
Let every loyal heart with mine,
Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !
And be the glory unto Him,
Who bared his arm of might ;
And led us on from strength to strength,
To conquer in the fight.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

I.

A withered leaf that on the sod
Beneath my careless feet I trod,
Thus spoke to me, as the voice of God :

II.

“ A seeming useless thing I lie
'Neath the leaden hue of the autumn sky,
Yet not in vain my destiny.

III.

“ I was a bright and beautiful thing,
In the gladsome days of the early Spring,
When all the earth was blossoming.

IV.

“ I shed abroad in my pristine bloom
A delicate and sweet perfume
That found its way to the sick man’s room ;

V.

“ And crept into his bed by stealth,
And tinged his cheek with the hue of health,
That was more to him than earthly wealth.

VI.

“ I shielded him with jealous care,
When they sat him out in his easy-chair,
From the sun, and the rain, and the heated air.

VII.

“ And, as I shone in the sun’s bright ray,
With exultant spirit I heard him say—
‘ A thing of beauty’s a joy for aye ! ’

VIII.

“ So I proved a blessing, not alone
To his physical frame, but gave a tone
To a soul which God hath called his own.

IX.

“ And the singing bird, and the busy bee,
And the beasts of burden, found in me
A blesséd thing, as I grew on the tree.

X.

“ And the cattle lay with lolling tongue,
And the bird and the bee in concert sung,
As on the air my sweets I flung.

XI.

“ I gave to the insect worm her food,
And, as she lay and sucked my blood,
I said, ‘No doubt it seemeth good

XII.

“ ‘To Him whose dwelling is on high ;’
And lo ! the beautiful butterfly
Flew out into the morning sky.

XIII.

“ And its golden wings flashed out a cheer,
If the butterfly rise from its chrysalis bier,
Is the soul of man to be buried here ?

XIV.

“ And I, though a seeming useless thing,
Shall come again in the early Spring,
And shine in the violet’s blossoming.

XV.

“ For nothing that God hath given birth
E’er sinks into the darksome earth,
And proves an empty and thankless dearth.

XVI.

“ So youth, and beauty, and age decay,
Slowly and gently passing away,
To revive again in the Endless Day !

XVII.

“ Go thou, sweet poet-singer, then,
And sing the song to the sons of men,
That thou hast heard in this lonely glen.

XVIII.

“ And the withered leaf, as it lies on the sod,
By the careless feet of the many trod,
Will have turned some soul to the thought of God !”

SMILES AND TEARS.

I.

“ART thou happy, little child,
On this clear bright summer's day,
In the garden sporting wild,
Art thou happy? tell me, pray.”
“If I had that pretty thing
That has flown to yonder tree;
I would laugh, and dance, and sing—
O! how happy I should be!”
Then I caught the butterfly,
Placed it in his hands securely,
Now, methought, his pretty eye
Never more will look demurely.
“Art thou happy now?” said I;
Tears were sparkling in his eye:
Lo! the butterfly was dead—
In his hands its life had sped!

II.

" Art thou happy, maiden fair,
 On this pleasant summer's day.
 Culling flowerets so rare,
 Art thou happy? tell me, pray."
 " If my Henry were but here,
 To enjoy the scene with me—
 He whose love is so sincere—
 O! how happy I should be!"
 Soon I heard her lover's feet,
 Sounding on the gravel lightly,
 To his loving words so sweet,
 Tender glances answer brightly!
 " Art thou happy now?" I said,
 Down she hung her lovely head;
 " Henry leaves for foreign skies"—
 Tears were in the maiden's eyes.

III.

" Art thou happy, mother mild,
 On this balmly summer's day,
 Gazing on thy cherub-child—
 Art thou happy? tell me, pray."
 " If my baby-boy were well,"
 Thus the mother spake to me,
 " Gratitude my heart would swell—
 O! how happy I should be!"

Then the cordial I supplied,
Soon the babe restored completely;
Cherub-faced and angel-eyed,
On his mother smiled he sweetly.
"Art thou happy, now?" I said,
"Would his father were not dead!"
Thus she answered me with sighs,
Scalding tear-drops in her eyes.

IV.

"Art thou happy, aged man,
On this glorious summer's day,
With a cheek all pale and wan,
Art thou happy? tell me, pray."
"If I were but safe above."
Spake the old man unto me,
"To enjoy my Savior's love—
O! how happy I should be!"
Then the angel Death came down,
And he welcomed him with gladness,
On his brow, so pale and wan,
Not a trace was seen of sadness:
"Art thou happy now?" I cried;
"Yes!" he answered, as he died:
Tears of joy were in his eyes,
Dew-drops from the upper skies!

THE RAIN-DROP.

I.

The rain-drop! the rain-drop!
Its soft and tiny feet
Keep up a pleasant pattering
Along the dusty street,

II.

The rain-drop! the rain-drop!
It falleth on the stream,
And floats in gladness along
Beneath the sunny beam.

III.

The rain-drop! the rain-drop!
It whispers to mine ear—
“I am but lent to earth—not given—
I must not tarry here :

IV.

“Soon as the golden sun shall shine
In an unclouded sky,
Borne on the gentle breeze I'll haste
To my sweet home on high :

V.

“And, when all nature seems athirst,
On mountain, hill and plain,
The bright and sparkling rain-drop
Will visit thee again.”

EMBLEMS.

I.

FALLETH now from off a tree,
A withered leaf;
This the lesson taught to me,
Life is brief!
Here it say,
“Mortal, soon thou’lt follow me
To decay :

II.

Droppeth now from off my head,
A silver hair ;
Plainer preacher never said,
“For death prepare !”
Filled with gloom.
We follow Time with solemn tread,
To the tomb.

III.

Mounteth now on wings of air,
 To the sky,
A little dew-drop, pure and clear ;
 Far up on high,
 Hear it say,
“ All above the earth is fair,
 Watch and pray ;
Night or sorrow come not here,
 ’Tis perfect day ! ”

PHILADELPHIA.

I.

'TwiXT the Delaware and Schuylkill,
 Bordering Pennsylvania's lands.
In its simple quiet beauty,
 Philadelphia stands :

II.

Stands unrivalled for its neatness,
 And its unexampled health,
With its proud artistic buildings,
 Monuments of wealth :

III.

Stands unrivalled for its blessings—
 For its water, sparkling clear,
Flowing with a plenteous gladness
 From the Fairmount near :

IV.

Stands unrivalled for its markets,
 Filled with overflowing food
Brought from neighboring farms and dairies—
 Wholesome, pure and good :

V.

Stands unrivalled for its merchants,
Men of honest hearts and true,
“ Doing whatsoe’er to others
They would have them do : ”

VI.

Quaint old town of Quaker wisdom,
How I love thy cleanly streets,
Thronged with thousand happy people,
That one daily meets :

VII.

How I love thy comely women,
How I love thy honest men,
Philadelphia, staid old city,
Now inspire my pen :

VIII.

Here the great renowned in story,
Penn and Franklin and compeers—
Lived, and still will live, forever,
Through the flight of years !

IX.

Here the printer-boy took lessons
From his Master up on high !
With a simple key unlocking
Secrets of the sky !

X.

Here the Congress of the nation
Met in solemn, grave debate,
Big with all a country's glory
And a people's fate :

XI.

Here the Bell of Independence,
With a cheery tone and free,
Rang its glorious proclamation
Unto Liberty !

XII.

Are not these, I ask, ye people,
Themes to win a world's applause ?
Are not Justice, Truth and Freedom,
God's eternal laws ?

XIII.

Are not these, I ask, my brothers,
Themes to fire a poet's pen ?
Are we not as great and glorious
Even now as then ?

XIV.

Unto you, then, fellow-poets,
You of higher hopes and aim,
Leave I now the city's glory,
Sound abroad her fame !

TRUTH.

I.

Not alone in realms of beauty—
Not alone beyond the skies—
If on earth we do our duty,
Heaven all about us lies!

II.

White-winged angels fan us ever,
Unseen spirits round us move,
When we make a good endeavor,
When we do a deed of love.

III.

Spirits of the dear departed
Press upon the brow and cheek
Loving kisses, tender-hearted,
From their pale lips pure and meek!

IV.

And their spectral forms remind us
We are passing fast away;
May these loving spirits find us
In the bright, eternal day!

V.

Let us, then, with firm reliance
On the just and on the right,
Bid a fierce and stern defiance
Unto error dark as night :

VI.

Let us, then, with faith unflinching,
Say to Truth, "Thou art my guide,
Come or wealth or want most pinching,
Let whatever fate betide :"

VII.

Let us, then, the right impressing
On the mind and heart of youth,
Give to age a solid blessing,
In the sacred love of Truth.

THE WHITE DAISY.

I.

THERE is a little, dainty flower,
That lifts its golden eye,
Without a single tinge of shame,
Unshrinking to the sky ;
But yet, so sweetly free from art,
It captivates the thoughtful heart.

II.

It glads the merry month of May,
On August smiles a cheer ;
It greets the pale October day,
“ The saddest of the year ”—
And still an open bosom shows
Amid the cold December snows.

III.

It roams upon the mountain-top
To catch the morning sun ;
It plays about the meadows, where
The merry brooklets run ;
Upon the forest solitudes
The pretty daisy's form intrudes.

IV.

And oft-times on the infant's grave,
This little flower is found ;
Nor aught more fitting thus to bloom
On consecrated ground ;
'Tis beautiful without pretence—
An emblem sweet of Innocence !

I WANT TO GO HOME.

I.

“I want to go home!” saith a weary child,
That hath lost its way in straying;
Ye may strive in vain to calm its fears,
Or wipe from its eyes the blinding tears,
It looks in your face, still saying—
“I want to go home!”

II.

“I want to go home!” saith a fair young bride,
In anguish of spirit praying;
Her chosen hath broken the silken cord—
Hath spoken a harsh and cruel word,
And she, now, alas! is saying—
“I want to go home!”

III.

“I want to go home!” saith the weary soul,
Ever earnest thus 'tis praying;
It weepeth a tear—heaveth a sigh—
And upward glanceth with streaming eye—
To its promised rest, still saying—
“I want to go home!”

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

I.

“LITTLE by little,” a child did say,
As it passed its time in quiet play,
And straightway in my mind was wrought
The germ of many a simple thought.
Little by little the grass doth grow,
Covering all the earth below;
Little by little the root we see
Climbing up to the full-grown tree;
Little by little the cloudets form
The thunder-cloud of the mighty storm;
Little by little the feathery snow
Pileth up mountain-heights below;
Little by little the drops of rain,
Fall on mountain, vale, and plain,
Till the maddening torrents onward rush
Like a strong war-horse with victory flush.
Little by little the patient ant
Layeth up food for her future want;
Little by little the busy bee
Sippeth up sweets from tree to tree,

Till the tables of the rich man groan
With the luscious fruit of the honey-comb.
Little by little in God's great plan
"The child is father of the man ;"
Little by little the darkness flies
From the curtained folds of the Eastern skies
At the slow approach of the burning sun ;
Little by little freedom's won,
And the night of error giveth way
To the full glad light of the perfect day ;
Little by little the heart is warmed ;
Little by little friendship's formed ;
Little by little the seeds of grace
Grow in the human heart apace,
Till the angels sing with joy above
O'er a soul made free by redeeming love ;
"Little by little" is my theme ;
Little by little ends the dream
Which arose in my mind on a summer's day
From the careless words of a child at play.

LIFE'S SEASONS.

I.

THERE is a Springtime of the heart—
'Tis found in infancy—
When on its mother's breast, the babe
First smiles in dimpled glee :
When, like the bud upon the stem,
Its life is but begun,
And pearly tear-drops flee the eyes,
As shadows flee the sun.

II.

There is a Summer of the heart—
'Tis found in earthly youth—
When life is full of joyousness,
Of innocence and truth :
When clouds but seldom intervene
To mar the sky so bright,
And all is but a fairy scene
Of exquisite delight.

III.

There is an Autumn of the heart—
'Tis found in riper age—
When sorrow's a familiar thing,
And grief an heritage :
When shadows thick and dark come o'er
The beauty of the sky,
And, by their dim obscurity,
Foretell some danger nigh.

IV.

There is a Winter of the heart—
'Tis found in later years—
When life is full of bitterness,
Of vain regretful tears :
When stormy winds and chilling blasts
Blow with so fierce a breath,
That we would fain seek shelter in
The anchorage of Death.

V.

What though the Autumn of the heart
Shall cloud our lives with gloom,
And Winter's cold and chilling blasts
Remind us of the tomb,
If we but act our parts aright
On Time's uncertain shore,
Our souls may know, in purer climes,
A Summer evermore !

WINTER IS COMING!

I.

WINTER is coming! the birds have flown
 Away to a sunnier clime;
The autumn wind, as it waileth by,
To the thoughtful heart bringeth a sigh,
 As it lists to the mournful chime,
 Winter is coming.

II.

Winter is coming! the urchin gay
 Looks forward, with hope and with joy,
To the snowy hills and frozen streams—
E'en while he sleepeth the thought still gleams
 Through the mind of the happy boy,
 Winter is coming.

III.

Winter is coming! the maiden fair,
 With a heart all merry and gay,
Remembers the ball—the play—the rout—
Remembers the gay sleigh-party's shout—
 And sings through the live-long day,
 Winter is coming.

IV.

Winter is coming! the houseless poor,
With a feeling of awful dread,
Behold his approach with sighs and tears—
His coming, to them, awaketh fears
That, perchance, they may want for bread:
Winter is coming.

V.

Winter is coming! to all—to all—
With his chilly and freezing breath;
To the urchin gay, the maiden fair—
To the houseless poor—O! then prepare
For the cold, cold winter of death!
Winter is coming.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

I.

“SYBIL! read my palm and see
What the future hath in store,
For a merry maid like me,
E'er my life be o'er;
Shall I in a palace shine.
Filled with joy and gladness;
Or shall sorrow's lot be mine
With its tears of sadness?”

II.

“Maiden! he who wins thy love
Will be truly rich and great,
Far the common herd above,
In his vast estate;
He will love thee, maiden fair,
Tenderly, sincerely;
Thou wilt be his every care—
He will love thee dearly.

III.

“Children will around thee spring,
And will bless thy later years ;
They unto thine eyes will bring
Many pearly tears :
Tears of joy shall only swell—
Not the tears of sorrow,
Maiden, have I spoken well?
Such thy bright to-morrow !”

IV.

“Sybil ! take this coin—farewell !
Duty calls me now from thee,
God alone can aught foretell
Of my destiny !
And whate'er he may dispense,
Be it joy or sadness,
As the will of Providence,
I'll receive with gladness.”

THE STORMY PETREL.

I.

THIS is the bird that swiftly flies,
When storms are lowering in the skies,
Afar from her craggy home on shore,
And hastens the angry billows o'er,
To meet the storm-king in his path
And oppose her form to his fearful wrath.

II.

This little bird, the sailors say,
Bears a message of good or ill away ;
And they look on her with a kind of awe,
As she speeds above the billowy roar ;
And woe to the luckless wight they say,
Who shall take the life of this bird away.

III.

No hope of a resting-place hath she,
As she laves her wings in the raging sea ;
With steady feet she meets the waves,
As they bound aloft from their coral caves ;
And she turns to the storm, as it whirlleth by,
A dauntless breast and a fearless eye.

IV.

Bird of the free and tireless wing,
A lesson of *trust* to me you bring ;
When the billows of life around *me* roar,
And threaten to whelm my frail bark o'er ;
Onward and upward my soul shall spring,
And repose her hope in the Great Storm-King.

THE SECRET.

I.

I TOLD my wife a secret—
“And did she keep it?” say you,
Ah! therein lies the moral, man,
To which give heed, I pray you :
She kept it but an hour or two—
She then put on her bonnet,
And called upon her cousin Sue,
To commentate upon it!
Alas! ere half the day was o’er,
Most dearly did I rue it ;
Sue told it to a dozen more,
And they to others talked it o’er ;
I found, on coming from my store,
That all the village knew it.

WE ARE DREAMERS ALL.

I.

WE are dreamers all ! the babe that lies
Asleep on it mother's breast,
In a dream of peace will sweetly smile,
As if its spirit were e'en the while
By angel ones caressed !
We are dreamers all.

II.

We are dreamers all ! the lover dreams
Of a fair one by his side ;
Of the happy hour when he shall stand
Before the altar to claim the hand
Of his bright and beauteous bride :
We are dreamers all.

III.

We are dreamers all ! the poet dreams
Of the laurel-wreath of fame ;
He struggles and toils for weary years,
And awakes at last with sighs and tears,
To grasp but an empty name !
We are dreamers all.

IV.

We are dreamers all ! the Christian dreams
Of a promised rest above ;
Of the pleasant paths of Paradise—
Of a home of peace beyond the skies,
Prepared by a Savior's love :
We are dreamers all.

V.

We are dreamers all ! but, oh ! to me
The Christian's dream be given !
For bright as his dream on earth may be,
He wakes to a blest reality,
When he opes his eyes in heaven !
We are dreamers all !

BE HAPPY.

I.

WHEN the sun is shining bright,
And no cloud is in the sky ;
And sweet flowerets in the light,
Seem to vie
Which shall give the most delight
To the passer-by :
Who is happy ? I.

II.

When the clouds obscure the sun—
Dim the beauty of the sky ;
And the flowerets, one by one,
Fade and die ;
And the wind with mournful tone
Sadly wailleth by :
Who unhappy ? I.

III.

When I've done a kindly deed,
To a fellow-being nigh,
Leaning on me like a reed ;
When mine eye
At his tale of pity bleed,
And my bosom sigh !
Who is happy ? I .

IV.

When I've spoken unkind word,
Gave my brother angry lie,
And within his bosom stirred
Bitter sigh ;
Though I be not overheard,
No one standing by :
Who unhappy ? I .

V.

Let the sun be dim or bright,
Shining on me from the sky,
All the same shall be its light
To mine eye ;
For I have a calm delight,
In my purpose high—
Ever happy ? I .

V.

This the lesson I would teach
To my fellow passing by,
Happiness is in our reach,
If we try ;
Kindly deed and gentle speech
Ever bring it nigh :
Happy you and I !

THE HEALTH.

I.

THREE youths, who long had parted been
From home and friends away,
Once met, amid a festive scene,
With spirits light and gay;
And as the wine-cup passed around,
Refilled by kindly host,
The youngest, springing from the ground,
Cried "Come, my friends, a toast :

II.

"Here's unto her who loved me first,
Will love me to the end;
And be his lying lips accursed
Who calls her not my friend—
My first, last, best, and only true,
Than whom there is none other,
Fill up, my friends, I pray you do,
And drink unto my mother!"
Each drained his wine-cup to the dregs,
And pledged him in "his mother."

III.

The next, a youth of bearing high,
And eyes of azure hue ;
The while he quenched the rising sigh
That thrilled his being through—
“ Here’s unto her my spirit deems
Far dearer than my life ;
Who walks with me amid my dreams,
My kind and loving wife ! ”
Again each quaffed his lifted cup
And pledged him in “ his wife.”

IV.

The eldest now with modest mien
Arose unto his feet ;
Within his kindling glance was seen
A glory all complete ;
And reaching from the table nigh
Fresh water from the sod,
He filled his cup and drained it dry
With “ my best Friend, my God ! ”
Each looked at each, and with a sigh
Gave reverential nod.

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

I.

“MOTHER, dearest mother, why
Does the *sinner* never die?
Here within this churchyard lone
I have read each lettered stone,
And they say that *all* that lie
Underneath, are in the sky;
Here a babe but one month old
Lieth stiff, and stark, and cold;
Well I know *its* spotless rest
Is the gentle Savior's breast!
Is the same bright heritage
Given unto youth and age?
Is the maiden in this tomb—
Sundered in her early bloom—
Filled soul-full of earthly love—
With her God in heaven above?
Is this youth, whose heart beat high
With the fire of poesy,
Singing choral hymns of love
With the angel ones above?

Is this man of riper years,
Over whom a nation's tears
Rained like dew-drops from the skies,
With his God in Paradise?
If so, tell me, mother dear,
Where do *sinner*s then appear?"

II.

Pressing him unto her side,
Thus the mother now replied:
"Sinners, passing fast away,
Die, my child, from day to day,
And in sorrow go to dwell
In the deepest pits of hell;
And," but ere another word
From her lips the child had heard,
He had bounded fast away,
In a corner far to play;
But the mother's sage reply
Did not seem to satisfy;
And, with sorely puzzled brain,
Running to her side again:
"Tell me, dearest mother, why
None but *Christians* ever die?
For you see my mother dear,
It seems to me so very queer,
Not a sinner lieth here!"

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

I.

OPPOSITE my study window
Stands a gravelled garden fair,
That within our crowded city
Is yeleft a square ;
And I sit and gaze upon it
With a soul akin to joy,
'Till I sigh within my spirit,
Would I were a boy.

II.

Here with pen and ink and paper,
I have often sat me down,
Careless all of childhood's caper,
Or of manhood's frown—
Sat me down to write a sonnet
In the album of a friend,
That the world might gaze upon it
Ere my life should end.

III.

Opposite my study window
Stands the gravelled garden yet ;
And, perhaps, will stand for ages,
When my sun has set ;
Which, of all the happy faces
That I gaze upon to-day,
Ere the moon has changed her phases,
Will have passed away ?

IV.

Mother ! strain thy tender nursling
Closer to thy throbbing breast—
See'st thou not the angels beck'ning
Baby home to rest ?
Father ! gaze not all so gladly
On thy petted, wayward boy,
For to-morrow's sun will sadly
Dim thine earthly joy.

V.

Opposite my study window
Still the gravelled garden stands—
Still the merry little children
Play with claspéd hands ;
Shall I tell them that the morrow
Of their lives will surely be
Filled with overflowing sorrow.
Like the brimming sea ?

VI.

Shall I tell them that their father,
Mother, brother, sister, friend,
All must die? No! let me rather
Words of comfort lend:
Let me tell them of a garden
Where the Savior bent his knee
To the Father of his spirit—
Blest Gethsemane!

VII.

If they list with good behavior
To the moral of my song,
I will tell them that the Savior
Comes again ere long—
Comes to every contrite spirit,
Breathing words of peace and love,
Telling them they shall inherit
Worlds of bliss above.

VIII.

I will tell them of a garden
Where the summer never dies—
Where the good shall dwell forever
Far above the skies:
And while listening to my story,
Tears shall wet each little cheek,
When I tell them of the glory
That no tongue can speak.

IX.

Opposite my study window
Still the gravelled garden stands—
Still the merry little children
Play with clasped hands ;
And the while they gambol sweetly,
All amid the noisy throng,
Time is flowing by so fleetly,
I will close my song.

THE SEWING GIRL.

I.

Who is she, with a quiet pace,
And a cheerful, loving face,
(O! virtuous poor take heart of grace!)
Whom the proud pass by
With averted eye
As unworthy to live and unfit to die—
Or, with a haughty twist and whirl,
Gaze on her with the lip a-curl?
'Tis the pretty sewing-girl—
The pretty, city sewing-girl.

II.

Her father in riches was once secure,
But, now, alas! he is old and poor;
Her mother, accustomed to ease and wealth,
In household drudgery has lost her health;
And now to lighten their burden of care,
And aid in the means of their daily fare,
Their daughter must even to labor repair;
“God keep her safe from sinful snare,

Mid the turmoil and strife and blinding glare
Of the busy city's fouldome air!"
Was the old man's heartfelt-uttered prayer:
Who doubts the prayer in heaven was heard,
And that God will protect his *singing-bird*?

III.

With head erect,
That commands respect,
And yet with a modest mien withal,
Her prayer to God is she may not fall:
For, if she do, her father's eyes
Will be dimmed with grief till the day he dies:
Her mother will walk with an air forlorn:
Her sisters will pale at the finger of scorn;
Her brothers will wish they had never been born;
And the angels will weep, as well they may,
O'er a soul that is lost forever and aye!
But if the contagion of sin she withstand,
She shall fill up a place at her Maker's right hand,
And rest by the streams of the Beautiful Land!

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

I.

OVER the way the sunlight lies ;
See how it gladdens my neighbor's eyes ;
Filling the heart of his wife with joy—
Clapping the hands of her baby-boy—
 Oh ! happy day !
'Tis a blesséd sun, with a kindly ray,
 Over the way !

II.

Over the way the shadow lies ;
See how it dimmeth my neighbor's eyes ;
Naught in his fervent prayers could save
His sweet young wife from the gloom of the grave ;
 Ah ! woful day !
'Tis a darkened sun, with a cheerless ray,
 Over the way !

III.

Over the way the sunlight lies ;
Again it gladdens my neighbor's eyes ;
For another wife, not a whit less fair,
Hath taken her place in his fireside chair ;
 Oh ! blesséd day !
'Tis a glorious sun, with a cheering ray,
 Over the way !

IV.

Sunlight and shadow, how close ye meet
In a little year in the self-same street !
Was my neighbor's grief, then, all sincere ?
Ah, yes ! he shed full many a tear !
But, now the sunlight fills his heart,
May the shadow forever and aye depart.

THE VILLAGE BEAU.

I.

Who, when the labors of the day
Have passed with eventide away,
Can fold his hands and truly say,
 “My duty’s done, I trow ?”
 The village beau.

II.

Who, with a lass on either side
Fit for a monarch’s beauteous bride,
Can walk erect with manly pride,
 And gaze on all below ?
 The village beau.

III.

Who, with a tender, meaning glance,
Can mingle in the merry dance,
And waken Love’s delicious trance
 In many a breast of snow ?
 The village beau.

IV.

Who, when the years serenely glide
Adown Time's swiftly-flowing tide,
Can gaze upon his faithful bride,
 With joy that few may know?
 The village beau.

V.

Who, when his children crowd his knee,
Can smile upon them peacefully,
And join them in their merry glee
 With honest heart, I trow?
 The village beau.

VI.

Who, when his hair grows thin and gray,
And life is ebbing fast away,
Can look above and calmly say,
 " My rest is sure, I know?"
 The village beau.

WHY IS IT THAT THE SADDEST
STRAINS?

I.

WHY is it that the saddest strains
Are sweetest to our ears?
And why do all our purest joys
Bedim our eyes with tears?
All merry notes are laughter peals,
Upspringing from the earth;
The sadder ones are whisperings
From Him who gave us birth!

II.

The morning carol of a bird
Is beautiful to hear;
But, oh! there is a sweeter sound,
That greets the listening ear,
When at the pensive twilight hour,
A myriad voices raise
To Nature's God a solemn hymn
Of gratitude and praise.

III.

The merry notes ! the merry notes !
With joy the pulses start,
While sadder strains must ever find
An echo in the heart :
The merry notes ! the merry notes !
To glad the earth are given ;
The sadder strains are kindly sent
To woo the soul to heaven !

THE EVENING WALK.

I.

UPON her head she gently threw
A veil of fabric light,
To shield her from the pearly dew
That mingled with the night :
Then with a motion light and free—
No proud and stately stalk—
The lady of the mansion rose
To take her evening walk.

II.

Thou placid moon, and you, ye stars,
That nightly deck the sky,
Ye must not look in envy on
The brightness of her eye ;
And you, ye babbling waters near,
That make my soul rejoice,
Ye must be silent when ye hear
The music of her voice !

III.

Ye moon and stars and babbling fount.

Your choicest blessings throw

Across the pathway of my fair.

Wherever she may go!

And if I soothe her cares the while.

With fine poetic talk.

Perhaps on me she'll deign to smile.

In some sweet evening walk!

"AND DIED, AND WAS FORGOT."

I.

Forgotten ! ay, by man forgot ;
 But by our Maker—never !
His loving eye will guard the spot
 Where we are laid forever !
And when His mighty trump shall sound,
 To wake us up from slumber,
O ! may we, haply, then be found
 Among that blesséd number,
Whose ransomed spirits shall upraise
A song of gratitude and praise,
Till echo answering from afar,
Shall send the strain from star to star.
And listening angels from above
Shall join us in a song of love !

INSURANCE.

I.

Said Brown to Jones the other day,
 "I lost my ship at sea, sir,
While standing on my homeward way,
 Well laden with green tea, sir."
"Your fate is sad," said Jones, "indeed,
 And hard to be endured, sir;"
"Not so," said Brown, "for I took heed
 To have her well insured, sir!"

II.

"But sadder still," continued Brown.
 "The fate my wife befel, sir;
For with the ship my dear went down,
 Ah! sorry tale to tell, sir!"
"Now that, indeed," said Jones, "*is* bad,
 And never can be cured, sir;"
"Not so," said Brown, "for know, my lad,
 I had her too insured, sir!"

LIFE.

AN infant on its mother's breast—
A bouncing boy at play—
A youth by maiden fair caressed—
An old man silver-gray—
Is all of life we know :
A joy—a fear—
A smile—a tear—
And all is o'er below !

AT REST.

I.

SHE who lieth stilly here,
With her hands upon her breast,
Is but sleeping—shed no tear
For a maiden taking rest,
And forever blest.

II.

From the turmoil and the strife,
From the blinding glare of day,
She, in hope of angel life,
Passed, in dreamy bliss, away
From her cumbrous clay.

III.

Now she dwelleth, all serene,
In the purer realms above,
Listening to the voice, I ween,
Soft as cooing of a dove,
Of Christ Jesus' love.

IV.

Would ye call her back again—
Wake the gentle sleeper up—
Mix the bitter gall and pain—
Ever flowing from life's cup—
Give it her to sup?

V.

Rather let her slumber still,
Praying that yourself the while,
If it be the Father's will,
May as calmly, sweetly smile
In death's gloomy aisle.

T H E E N D .

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